

## Moonlight Drive by dustyirish

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**Summary:**

It's Steve's birthday. What should be a celebration turns into hell, then recovery, then something approximating Jonathan's idea of heaven.

## Moonlight Drive

### Author's Note:

Written for Stonathan Week - badly written, I'm afraid to say. This is the sappiest mess I've ever ended up with, and that's saying something, but this is (no exaggeration) the SIXTH version of Stonathan birthday fics I have started over the last three days, and the only one I was able to completely finish in time. I have no damned idea what to do with the other five. I'm lucky I can still see straight at this point. Anyway, bless you if you take time to read.

Also, I should warn ahead of time that this fic is not overly kind to Billy Hargrove. Nothing bad happens to him, but he's not exactly evoking warm fuzzies either.

I can also be found on Tumblr under [myspookysunshine](#) - where I'm taking requests or prompts or pretty much whatever.

*Come on, baby, gonna take a little ride  
Down, down by the ocean side  
Gonna get real close  
Get real tight  
Baby, gonna drown tonight*

~ *The Doors*

Jonathan drove towards Linda Shane's house. He didn't know who the hell Linda Shane was, or how Steve knew her, or why she had been chosen to host his birthday bash. But Steve had invited him, and that meant that Jonathan had to make the effort to show up, even if he would most likely park in the woods across from the house, debating with himself for half an hour or so before promptly returning home.

He looked down, fiddling with the radio dial, then glanced back up only to see a blood-covered Steve Harrington standing in the middle of the road, waving his arms wildly over his head.

Jonathan slammed on the brakes, screeching to a stop about two feet in front of him. His heart was threatening to pound out of his chest as Steve ran to the passenger door, wrenched it open and flopped inside.

"Step on it, Byers!" he was screaming, even before the door was closed. "*Go go go!!*"

Jonathan stomped the accelerator and obeyed, his hands shaking on the wheel.

He drove like a madman for a couple of miles until they hit the edge of town, then dropped to a safer speed, finally daring to take his attention off of the road long enough to look at Steve. His stomach sank. When he had first spotted Steve in front of the car he had thought - if he had time to think *anything* - that Steve had maybe done something to someone and needed to escape. It was clear now, that whatever had taken place, it had all been done to Steve.

His face was a bloody mess of scrapes and cuts, his nose was bleeding freely down the front of his shirt, there was even a horizontal gash across his neck that looked so much like an attempted throat-slashing

that Jonathan had to choke back bile.

"Jesus! What happened?!"

"Fucking Hargrove happened!"

"Are you all right?" It was an idiotic question, but Jonathan was still in shock from nearly turning the man he secretly loved into roadkill.

"I wouldn't go that far," Steve muttered, and lay his head back against the seat, groaning.

Jonathan reached a hand out, not retracting it even when it landed on Steve's thigh. He was too worried to stick to his usual avoidance plan. "Do you need the E.R.?"

"No, it was only six or seven punches as opposed to the usual dozen."

Fury swept through Jonathan, rapid and intense, and he jerked the steering wheel hard to the left.

Steve shot back up in his seat, "Where are you going?!"

"Back there to kick Hargrove's ass," he growled. "He's not going to keep doing this shit to you!"

Steve was staring at him, open-mouthed. "Fuck, Byers, that was unexpected. And almost disturbingly hot." He lay a hand on Jonathan's arm and gave him a gentle pat. "Turn back around, man. It is so not worth it. Besides, he'll already have bailed. He got what he came for."

Jonathan knew Steve was right, but he also knew he himself had meant what he said. It was going to stop, one way or another. He sighed and made another U-turn, this time at normal speed.

After another minute Steve reached around, groaning, and plucked something off of the back seat. "Can I use this?" he asked in a strange, muffled voice.

Jonathan looked over. "If you don't mind smelling like wet dog. It's Chester's blanket."

Steve pulled it into his lap, ducked his head, and spit a mouthful of blood into the cloth. "Sorry. Don't want to swallow it or I'll wind up puking, and we don't need to add that to the festivities."

Jonathan was sure the concern was plain on his face.

Steve tried to smile and it was ghastly. "Tell Chester I'll wash it before I give it back."

Jonathan pulled off the road into a gas station parking lot. "I'll be right back," he told Steve. "Just take it easy."

He was in the store for five minutes, gathering paper towels and water and a bag of frozen peas in lieu of an ice pack.

When he got back outside, he found Steve leaning out of the car, spitting more blood onto the pavement.

He climbed into the driver's seat, flipped on the dome light and lined up his purchases on the dash, waiting for Steve to finish. Once he'd settled, Jonathan passed him a wad of paper towels for his nose and got to work.

"I'll try not to hurt you any more than I have to." He reached out and brushed back the side of Steve's hair, exposing his cheek. "There's a pretty bad cut along here." He gently cleaned the blood away as well as he could manage with a bottle of Evian and a swatch of Bounty.

Steve winced at the touch. "Fucker's ring probably caught me."

Jonathan worked silently, trying to tamp down the rage he was feeling. It wasn't going to help the situation any at the moment. Right now he needed to focus on tending to Steve, making sure he wasn't more injured than he'd let on. He gently turned Steve's head so he could start on the other side.

Steve met his eyes and grinned. "Would you really kick his ass for me, Byers?"

"I kicked yours, didn't I? And I didn't even get any pleasure out of that. With him it would be nothing but." His eye landed on the neck wound again and he brushed his thumb over it, careful not to press

too hard. "Just tell me that wasn't a knife," he grated out.

"What?" Steve looked down, startled at Jonathan's tone. "God no. I don't know what did that; I remember slamming against a table at one point. Hargrove doesn't want to actually *kill* me - that'd be like taking away his favorite chew toy."

Steve's eyes darkened suddenly and he startled the hell out of Jonathan by screaming "Goddammit!!!" at the roof, pounding both fists on the seat and drumming his heels on the floorboard. It reminded Jonathan of the tantrums Will used to throw when he was two and denied extra pudding.

"Stop that!"

"I'm fucking pissed! I'm sick and fucking tired of that asshole jumping me around every corner!"

"You're also bleeding all over my seat and hurting yourself more!" Jonathan yelled back, then lay his hand on Steve's shoulder, voice softening. "We'll figure it out. Just please let me take care of you." He'd meant to say 'take care of *this*', honest to Christ he had, and he blushed scarlet at the realization of what had come out of his mouth.

Steve was still silently fuming, and if he had heard the slip-up he didn't give any indication.

Jonathan mopped up the left side of Steve's face and went to work on his neck, having to dodge around Steve's Polo shirt to reach the errant streaks of blood.

"This thing's had it anyway," Steve grumbled, pulled the shirt over his head and, in a final fit of pique, tossed it out the window into the parking lot.

Jonathan tried not to react audibly to the suddenly bare chest next to him, but he couldn't stop himself from admiring as he wiped the cloth over skin. Admiration, however, turned to more worry - and a re-firing of anger - as he noticed the smattering of darkening knuckle marks along Steve's side. "You're already bruising." He lightly touched an area on Steve's rib cage with a finger, then quickly pulled back.

"Yeah. It'll be really spectacular tomorrow." Steve spit one last time into a paper towel and made a face. "Is there any water left?"

Jonathan pulled a Pepsi out of the bag and handed it over.

Steve sighed happily. "Have I ever told you how much I love you?"

Jonathan froze. Of course it was a joke; with Steve Harrington it could hardly be anything else. But Jonathan's imagination had always been too rampant for his own good, and at the sound of those words it threatened to lead him places he had no business going. He put the remainders of the clean-up items back into the bag, trying to compose himself. "I'm all finished," he finally said, voice only a little shaky.

Steve rolled his head to look at Jonathan. "Take me somewhere, Byers."

"You mean the hospital?"

Steve snorted. "No, not the hospital. Take me somewhere you'd take me on our first date."

Jonathan blinked. "Do you have a concussion?"

"No, I don't have a concussion. It's my goddamn birthday, and I want to get a surprise that isn't Billy Hargrove's fist." His voice softened, almost murmuring. "So take me somewhere special. Special to you."

Jonathan's mouth went dry. "Okay?" It came out more as a croak, but Steve just plopped the bag of frozen peas onto his forehead, whimpered slightly, closed his eyes and didn't seem to notice.

Jonathan sneaked peeks at him the entire drive to the pond. The way his hair curled around the shell of his ear; his bare chest rising and falling with each breath; the long line of his body as he sprawled in the seat. Jonathan ached to take Steve's picture. He ached for a lot of things.

He sighed as he pulled up to their destination. He reached out with a hand to touch Steve's shoulder, then snatched it back, afraid to touch, not trusting himself at that moment. He settled for a low "Hey. We're

here."

Steve's eyes fluttered open. "Awesome. Where's 'here'?"

Jonathan shrugged. "It doesn't really have a name. There's just the pond and some grassland."

"Why this place? What do you like about it?" Steve sounded genuinely curious.

"In the daytime, the sunlight flares off of the water in these incredible arcs; it's great for photography. And this is the best place for the sky at night. There's no city lights to dim the stars." Jonathan realized how utterly boring that must sound to someone like Steve. "I'm sure this isn't what you'd call 'special'."

"No, I'd say this is just about perfect," Steve rebutted, looking out the window. "Is this a strictly-from-the-vehicle viewing spot, or can we get out?"

Jonathan smiled. "We can get out. It's hard to see stars through the roof."

Steve hoisted himself from the car, slowly and painfully, and Jonathan followed, grabbing something from the backseat before shutting the door.

They were about a third of the way into the field when Steve spoke. "Hey, so I thought this was a date. Aren't you even gonna hold my hand?"

Jonathan had no idea if he was kidding or not, and before he could figure it out Steve decided things for him, grabbing hold and lacing his fingers with Jonathan's.

"You okay?"

Jonathan realized he had stopped dead in his tracks. "I ... yeah. Fine." He resumed walking, but his entire focus was on the warmth of Steve's skin against his palm.

"Here good?" Steve asked, and Jonathan saw they had somehow



arrived at the edge of the pond.

He nodded and Steve plopped into the grass, letting go of Jonathan's hand. He missed the touch immediately. He sat a couple of feet from Steve, took a steadying breath, and handed over the photo album tucked under his right arm.

Steve squinted down at it. "What's this?"

"A present." The moonlight was bright enough that Steve should be able to see with no problem. Jonathan, however, almost hoped that it would prove too dark. This could go very badly. He had spent months taking the pictures and arranging them, but he hadn't decided whether or not to actually give the album to Steve until the moment he stepped from the car. He could only pray that his instincts were right.

Jonathan wasn't worried about the photos of Steve with the kids. He absolutely loved the one with Dustin. He had caught Steve coming up behind him, tackling and lifting him in a bear hug, growling something against the top of Dustin's head, and Steve's face was a complicated and beautiful dichotomy of 'God, this kid drives me batshit insane and I would lay down and die to protect him'. Jonathan honestly and with no bias thought it was the best photograph he had ever taken.

The ones that concerned him were the more candid shots; Steve sitting by the pool, the sunlight bouncing in his hair; Steve hiding a laugh behind his hand; Steve catching a nap on a bench outside of school. Photos that left absolutely no doubt as to Jonathan's feelings. He had handed Steve his heart right along with the album and all he could do was wait to see if it would be broken.

Steve flipped through the book silently, eyes widening a little more with every page. He finally closed it and turned. "Jesus, Jonathan. That's ..."

Jonathan cringed internally. "Creepy."

"I was going to say 'fucking amazing'. When did you take all of these?"

"Just ... whenever."

Steve picked Jonathan's hand back up and squeezed. "You're really good. Like professional-level good. I can't wait to get these into the light and look at them." Steve's fingers twined with his easily, and god help him, it was starting to feel like they belonged there. "This is seriously the best present I got this year. Maybe *any* year. I mean it."

Shockingly, Jonathan believed him.

Steve moved his head and winced. "Shit, everything on me hurts. Are you gonna freak if I lay in your lap?"

Jonathan swallowed, his heart racing. "Probably. But you can do it anyway."

Steve stretched out on the grass, head nestled on Jonathan's thigh.

Jonathan's hand automatically migrated towards Steve's hair, fingers wanting to feather through the strands. This time, he found the courage to let them.

Steve was looking up at the stars. He sighed contentedly. "You're right, Byers. Great view."

Jonathan was looking down at Steve, and, cuts and bruises or not, he couldn't agree more. "Happy birthday."

"You know, I think it's actually getting there," Steve said and smiled.